Towards *Phœbus* lodging, such a wagoner
As *Phaetan* would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudie night immediately.
Spread thy close curtaine loue-performing night,
That runnawayes eyes may wincke, and *Romeo*
Leape to these armes, vntalkt of and vnseene,
Louers can see to do their amorous rights,
And by their owne beawties, or if loue be blind,
It best agrees with night, come ciuill night,
Thou sober suted matron all in blacke,
And learne me how to loose a winning match,
Plaide for a paire of stainlesse maydenhoods.
Hood my vnmand bloud bayting in my cheekes,
With thy blacke mantle, till strange loue grow bold,
Thinke true loue acted simple modestie:
Come night, come *Romeo*, come thou day in night.
For thou wilt lie vpon the winges of night,
Whiter then new snow vpon a Rauens backe:
Come gentle night, come louing black browd night,
Giue me my *Romeo*, and when I shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little starres,
And he will make the face of heauen so fine,
That all the world will be in loue with night,
And pay no worship to the gaudish Sun.
O I haue bought the mansion of a loue,
But not possest it, and though I am sold,
Not yet enioyd, so tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festiuall,
To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not weare them. O here comes my Nurse.

Enter Nurse with cords.

And she brings newes, and euery tongue that speaks
But *Romeos* name, speakes heauenly eloquence:
Now Nurse, what newes? what hast thou there,
The cords that *Romeo* bid thee fetch?

Nur. I,

Nur. I, I, the cords.
Iu. Ay me what news? why dost thou wring thy hãds?
Nur. A weraday, hees dead, hees dead, hees dead,
We are vndone Lady, we are vndone.
Alack the day, hees gone, hees kild, hees dead.
Iu. Can heauen be so enuious?
Nur. *Romeo* can,
Though heauen cannot. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*,
Who euer would haue thought it *Romeo*?
Iu. What diuell art thou that dost torment me thus?
This torture should be roard in dismall hell,
Hath *Romeo* slaine himselfe? say thou but I,
And that bare vowell I shall poyson more
Then the death arting eye of Cockatrice,
I am not I, if there be such an I.
Or those eyes shot, that makes thee answere I:
If he be slaine say I, or if not, no.
Briefe, sounds, determine my weale or wo.
Nur. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,
God saue the marke, here on his manly brest,
A pitious coarse, a bloudie pitious coarse,
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedawbde in bloud,
All in goare bloud, I sounded at the sight.
Iu. O break my hart, poore bankrout break at once,
To prison eyes, nere looke on libertie.
Vile earth too earth resigne, end motion here,
And thou and *Romeo* presse on heauie beare.
Nur. O *Tybalt*, *Tybalt*, the best friend I had,
O curteous *Tybalt*, honest Gentleman,
That euer I should liue to see thee dead.
Iu. What storme is this that blowes so contrarie?
Is *Romeo* slaughtred? and is *Tybalt* dead?
My dearest Cozen, and my dearer Lord,
Then dreadfull Trumpet sound the generall doome,
For who is liuing, if those two are gone?